Cade. Proclaime ſilence.

All. Silence.

Cade. I Iohn Cade, ſo named for my valiancy.

Dicke. Or rather for ſtealing of a cade of ſprats.

Cade. My father, was a Mortimer.

Dicke. He was an honeſt man, and a good bricke-layer.

Cade. My mother came of the Lacies.

Nicke. She was a Pedlers daughter indeed, & ſold many laces.

Robin. And now being not able to occupy her furr'd packe,
She waſheth buckes vp and downe the countrey.

Cade. Therefore I am honourably borne.

Harry. I the field is honourable, for hee was borne vnder a hedge, becauſe his father had no other houſe but the cage.

Cade. I am able to endure much.

George. That's true, I know he can endure any thing,
For I haue ſeene him whipt two market dayes togither.

Cadr. I feare neither ſword nor fire.

Will. He neede not feare the ſword, for his coate is of proofe.

Dicke. But methinkes he ſhould feare the fire, being ſo often burnt in the hand, for ſtealing of ſheepe.

Cade. Therefore be braue, for your Captain is braue, & vowes reformation: you ſhall haue ſeuen halfepeny loaues for a penny, and the three hoopt pot ſhall haue ten hoopes, and it ſhalbe felony to drinke ſmall beere, if I be King, as King I will be.

All. God ſaue your Maieſty.

Cade. I thanke you good people, you ſhall all eate and drinke of my ſcore, and go all in my liuery; and wee'll haue no writing but the ſcore and the Tally, and there ſhall be no lawes but ſuch as come from my mouth.

Dicke. Wee ſhall haue ſore lawes then, for he was thruſt into the mouth the other day.

Geo. I and ſtinking law too, for his breath ſtinkes ſo, that one cannot abide it.

Enter Will with the Clarke of Chattam.

Will. Oh Captaine, a prize.

Cade. Who's that *Will*?

Will. The Clarke of Chattam, he can write and reade and caſt account,

account, I tooke him ſetting of boyes copies, and he has a book in his pocket with red letters.

Cade. Zounds he's a Coniurer, bring him hither.
Now ſir, what's your name?

Clarke. Emanuell ſir, and it ſhall pleaſe ye.

Dicke. It will go hard with you I tell ye,
For they vſe to write that ore the top of Letters.

Cade. What do ye vſe to write your name? Or do you as ancient forefathers haue done, vſe the ſcore and the Tally?

Clarke. Nay truly ſir, I praiſe God I haue bene ſo wel broght vp, that I can write mine owne name.

Cade. Oh he has confeſt, go hang him with his pen and inkehorne about his necke. *Exit one with the Clarke.*

Enter Tom.

Tom. Captaine, Newes, newes, ſir *Humfrey Stafford* and his brother are coming with the Kings power, & mean to kil vs all.

Cade. Let them come, he's but a Knight is he?

Tom. No, no, he's but a Knight.

Cade. Why then to equall him, Ile make my ſelfe Knight.
Kneele downe Iohn Mortemer,
Riſe vp ſir Iohn Mortemer.
Is there any more of them that be Knights?

Tom. I his brother.

Cade. Then kneele downe Dicke Butcher.

He knights him.

Riſe vp ſir Dicke Butcher. Now ſound vp the drum.

Enter Sir Humfrey Stafford and his Brother, with Drum and Soldiers.

Cade. As for theſe ſilken coated ſlaues, I paſſe not a pin,
Tis to you good people that I ſpeake.

Staf. Why Country-men, what meane you thus in troopes,
To follow this rebellious Traitor Cade?
Why his Father was a brick-layer.

Cade. Well, and Adam was a Gardiner, what then?
But I come of the Mortemers.

Staf. I, the Duke of Yorke hath taught you that.

Cade.